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The Soviet Madness

Typically Mr. Villard, who opposed to the end our entering the war and publicly deplored our final declaration of hostilities, has come out for the soviet as the latest salvation of mankind. Among other remarks, he praised the admirable soviet of Munich, whose leaders executed old men and women as part of their programme for introducing the Lenin Utopia upon earth. The sooner we introduce the soviet system in America the better, was his central thought.

There has been considerable of this bosh about the soviet among our high-browed radicals. They will stand up and prove most eloquently how much more democratic this newly improvised invention of illiterate Russia is than our American representative system, constructed laboriously by the slow evolution of centuries. In Russia Lenin sees the soviet system quite frankly as the short-cut to communism, to the abolition of private property and the happy days of palaces for all. Over here its advocates proceed more cautiously, with more pater concerning the theory of government and less touching the elemental business of grab. They talk like Mr. Villard, pointing out the defects of our present system and arguing how easily we could substitute this pretty new device in its place and be happy ever afterward.

As a matter of fact, the soviet in Russia is exactly what it would be anywhere else. It would produce exactly the same kind of life and the same kind of government in America as it does in Russia or Budapest or Munich—if the American people were primitive enough and silly enough and sufficiently ignorant and untrained in democratic government to stand for it. It was used by the new czars of Russia because it was certain to produce exactly the result they were after, a government of class, for the class, by self-perpetuating tyrants.

The handworkers of America are in a tremendous majority, and they could tomorrow, if they wished, take charge of the government and run it for their own selfish class ends. They do not because they are intelligent Americans, not illiterate Russians, and they know that that way lie madness and self-destruction. The soviet system is an ingenious device for spreading and encouraging precisely this form of madness. In essence it provides that representatives shall be chosen by occupation, by shops, by factories, instead of by communities. The object and the natural result are to make every one intensely class conscious and wholly selfish in his attitude toward his government. So the people vote and so the representative naturally acts.

By slow evolution we in America, thanks to our high degree of education and long experience in self-government, have developed our larger and nobler allegiance, the obligation of the voter to look primarily to the whole community, to the whole nation, in casting his ballot. We often fall short of our ideal in voting, our representatives are often not what they should be. Our system does not work perfectly. No system involving human beings can work perfectly. But our system has developed the highest degree of human liberty and human happiness ever achieved upon the face of the earth. It has done so, fundamentally, by teaching men and women to be Americans first and individuals and classes second.

The soviet system would exactly reverse this process. We do not have to guess. We can see it in operation in Russia, in Hungary; until lately in Munich. It is the same in all. Under a pretence of democracy it foists upon a nation the most diabolical of tyrannies. It annihilates the freedom of the press. It kills or hands out the best brains of the nation in government, in shop, in commerce. Only the proletariat is permitted to vote. Various excuses are made for this condition; but it is the conceded fact. The simple explanation seems to be that the soviet system is organized selfishness gone mad and that the proletariat under it will not hear of either capitalists or bourgeoisie participating in the government.

Nor is this all. Democratic government under the soviet system is a farce, for it naturally and inevitably produces a boss rule. The reason for this is clear. The soviet system necessarily involves the greatest indirection ever proposed in a supposedly popular government. Direct elections have been the increasing demand of our experienced, liberal democracies. In Russia the peasant or the shop worker votes for just one delegate,

the delegate of his soviet, and the unit is, roughly, one delegate for every 500 workers. This is concededly the heart and soul of the system, that the workmen in any factory can elect their own personal representative, well known to them, and can recall him easily whenever they wish.

Now these soviet delegates in turn elect delegates to the All-Russian Assembly, and this Assembly elects an executive committee of about 250 members, who elect the Council of People's Commissars. To parallel the present Russian system in America to-day, in respect to indirection, we should have to conceive of electing only aldermen, who would meet by states and choose delegates to a huge national congress, which would elect a smaller legislative congress, which would elect the President and Cabinet. And even this is not as extreme as the Russian system, for the alderman represents many more constituents than the soviet delegate.

Could a more perfect system be devised to permit political trickery and bossism? To be sure, each individual soviet has the power to recall the delegate at will. But the nation has no power to recall Lenin by direct vote. It chose him only at fourth hand. It never votes as a nation. It never votes directly for any national officer, executive or legislator.

It is entirely conceivable that this indirect system of organized selfishness, readily manipulated by tyrants to their ends, is the best form of representation of which ignorant Russia, fumbling for the first time with democracy, is capable. But to foist such a system upon America would be madness, a stupidity of which only muddle-headed folly would dream.

The Decapitated Eagle

"Off with his head! So much for Buckingham." If the bill decapitating the double-headed eagle of Austria and reducing that marvel of nature to the single head customary in the species passes the parliament at Vienna, the visible symbol of the imperial house will comport with the reality. The Dual Monarchy is no more, and it is fitting that this symbol should depart along with the universal "K. K." which attested the fact that the Emperor of Austria was also King of Hungary—Kaiserliche-Königliche. The "hysterical bird," like the American eagle in the old ditty, may "flap his wings and crow," but it will be with a feeble voice than of yore.

Yet the double-headed eagle had nothing to do at the time of its birth with the Dual Monarchy. Early in the fourteenth century the Emperor Louis V chose two eagles for the national device, for what reason it were idle to speculate. The idea did not appeal to his successor, who accordingly merged the eagles, as it were, and gave the united bird two heads. Thus through all the changes and the changes of this mortal life it has remained. What Hapsburg, adding to dominions by force or fraud or fortunate marriage, ever dreamed that this fierce and supernatural token of imperial power would be thus butchered to make an enemy holiday? The new eagle will hardly scream at all; he will instead be sad and civil, as suits his fortunes. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed.

It is not easy to see the future of the diminished and fallen state. It was Charles V, retiring to St. Just, who said, as quoted by the poet: "Most like the dead before my death am I; Like the old empire ruined, and fit to die."

The Charles who has gone to Switzerland might apply the words to himself and his country, too. Austria may not be quite ruined, but it is difficult to imagine her rebuilt to her former proportions. Her mutilated eagle speaks eloquently of the change that makes Vienna a provincial capital, of less consequence even than the upstart Berlin.

More Houses

The organizations of tenants, the committees of public-spirited citizens, the magistrates who have held landlords to strict account in eviction cases, the semi-rioters that have occurred when the crowded were crowded too far—all these have contributed to mitigate rent profiteering. Thousands of apartments now are occupied by families who pay less than the owner could get if heartless or indifferent to the opinion of his fellows. It is natural in the present juncture to hate a landlord, but let us be fair enough to concede that many have not insisted on their pound of flesh.

Yet common sense leaves no doubts, however salutary the deterrents to rent-raising, that ultimately the price of a flat will be what it will bring—will reflect the influence of supply and demand. Unless a supply of residence places is increased it is idle to expect rents to fall. Values are going up, and the new owners will contend that more revenue is necessary to give them a fair return. Indeed there are reports of dummy sales to enable owners to escape the odium of enhanced incomes.

More houses—this is the only cure. And more houses will be provided only by private capital seeking to increase itself. The talk of municipal housing is bosh—is propaganda. The city has not funds with which to build nor the necessary legal authority. Begin municipal housing, and unless the business were entered into on a large scale, the increase in houses would be slight, for private capital would not then enter the field.

How is the private investment to be promoted? By giving builders a chance to make money, and by encouraging men and women to erect their own houses. As things now are, as soon as a man constructs a house the assessor comes around and says the first thing the

builder must do is to pay over 2.50 per cent yearly on the value of his building. If money is worth 6 per cent the builder must see an 8½ per cent return to be warranted in going ahead. We don't lay a consumption tax on wheat, but we do on houses, something of equal necessity. A lifting of the tax which paralyzes home building would populate vacant urban lands. The farmer now is able to borrow from the agricultural bank. The time would seem ripe for an urban bank for a similar purpose. Why should the rural population be favored? It is nonsense to contend a city loan would not be good if the loan were kept within reason.

If anything good is to be worked out of the situation it will not be by the manufacture of wind either by the politician or his companion pest, the chronic agitator. The problem, if solved at all, will be solved by men of sense and judgment. Of course the chances are nothing will be achieved except by the slow processes of economic law, and that then there will be an oversupply of houses almost as evil in consequence as the present undersupply. But the public, in the way of experiment, might try being intelligent.

The Scheidemann Moanings

And now will come no inconsiderable number of persons to echo the whinings of Scheidemann, and also no inconsiderable number to express irritated wonderment over the latest exhibit of German psychology.

But what was Scheidemann expected to say? Did any one seriously believe he would rejoice over the terms of peace? Was it not inevitable for him to declare President Wilson is a faith-breaker and that the conditions are such as to reduce Germany to servitude?

Instead of giving an excuse of surprise, it seems as if the German Chancellor's reactions are as understandable as the squealings of a pig caught in a gate or the brayings of a donkey when asked to do something no donkey likes. Sometimes it would seem as if there was too great a tendency to attribute subtlety to the Germans.

Scheidemann is the chief of a government which would retain power. Should it not make a loud noise it would be accused of consenting to the mixing of the bitter medicine—would be attacked for not getting a better bargain. It says that the peace is awful to convince its supporters that it has done everything possible to soften the hard hearts of Paris.

The German Socialist leader is not difficult to classify. He is a public man of the type which infests all communities, which has an instinct for floating on the eddies of opinion. When the war was launched his record required him to oppose it, but Germany was shouting for the lustful adventure. So he adopted the view that the Teuton had been attacked by the Slav. When Belgium was invaded he accepted the fable that Belgium had been non-neutral. When Petrograd became temporarily pro-Ally and the future looked dark for Germany he was selected by the Kaiser to manage the proposed Stockholm conferences. Then when the Germans, through Lenin and Trotsky, became masters of Russia and the Brest-Litovsk treaty was written Scheidemann became silent and remained so until the German offensive in the West was wrecked. The Chancellor has no stubborn convictions to prevent him from accommodating his views to the demands of the hour.

The complaint that the Fourteen Points have not been respected is childish, but when men can find nothing mature to say they are commonly childish. The war ended in military disaster. Peace did not come because a year before President Wilson, like other Ally leaders, had drawn up a formula of principles which the Germans suddenly discovered were just and righteous.

On October 1, 1918, Prince Max of Baden arrived in Berlin to become Chancellor. He found on his desk, ready for signature, a dispatch asking for an armistice, prepared by the military command. Conditions were so desperate he was told something must be done at once. Of course he had to avoid assigning the true reason for the approach. Going through his portfolio, Prince Max dug out President Wilson's speech of the Fourteen Points. It was as good as any other—was better, for by exaggerating minor differences Germany might divide the Allies. It is not improbable that Bernstorff suggested that President Wilson be saluted as the peace-maker.

The motive for playing up the Fourteen Points was thus so obvious that it is strange any were so gullible as to be caught by the trick. But some were caught, and the seed of the idea was planted that our terms in some way were holier than those of other peoples. The legend was almost blown into acceptance when a host of trained journalists was sent to Paris and it became apparently their duty to spread German valuations of the Fourteen Points.

Official Germany has little present hope of getting a revision of the treaty. But an attempt is worth making. It will at least serve to break the news to the German people—may so inflame them against foreigners as to make them forget that Germany's real foes are within.

The Liberty Loan machine, now to be scrapped, should have a monument inscribed "Public Efficiency."

Now, as in No Man's Land, the Teuton cry is "Kamerad!"

There is more than an empty stomach behind Bolshevism in America.

The Conning Tower

Professors at the University of Pennsylvania are getting increases of from 10 to 25 per cent and increases at other universities are imminent. This is undoubtedly owing to the dropping of Latin and Greek. If the studies of English, Music, and Philosophy also be discontinued, it may some day be possible to be a professor without benefit of father-in-law.

The study of Latin and Greek helps a man to spell, but, as a thing business man tells us, spelling is woman's work. "I can buy a good speller for \$25 a week," he said. And how can you argue with a business man? We, for one, simply listen.

Our Allies' Love Songs

Lullaby
(From the Bolivian)
Hush, little baby,
Do not cry.
Rest in safety upon the arm
Of your mother.
Cease your weeping.

Aide Memoire

Sir: Not that I wish to break into the Stalactite of Scintillation, but—yes, I've promised to lend an office mate a certain memory course which I have completed, and if you were to stick this under the Bolivian folk-song I would see it at breakfast and remember to bring the darn thing down to the office.

It is a new thing for the Germans to sign a peace treaty, so the hesitation is understandable. The first insurance application we signed we hesitated over, too, and we weren't certain it wasn't a "murderous scheme."

THE PRIMORDIAL RAG

Sir: Now that we old folks are doddering and musing about the "good old songs" and times, allow me to look up from my gruel and show a faint flash of my old sporting spirit.

How well I remember dressing up in my white duck trousers, ex-blood colored shirt, three-inch high stiff collar and red-made four-hand tie, ex-blood also in hue. It was "band concert night" for the Norwood Brass Band, the best band in Massachusetts. And then jumping on my safety and pedaling up to the ball grounds in the velvet twilight.

And along about the middle of the programme, after they had played "Hearts and Flowers" and "The High School Cadets," and "The Washington Post" as an encore, and then a new tune, a tune with a queer, fascinating, wiggly rhythm. It caught the fancy of the circling crowd of gold-belted, wide-sleeved girls, flirting with the local and out-of-town sports, like a match in a haystack. Again and again the band played it, although there wasn't a soul in the crowd who ever had heard it before. And I, because I had taken music lessons of him for four years, crawled up on the bandstand and asked Bernie Colburn the dapper and jovial bandmaster, what the name of that tune was.

"That," says Bernard. "Oh, that's a new little thing called 'The New Bully.' Cute, isn't it? Devilish hard to play, right, though! Got a funny tempo!"

Thus May Irwin brought ragtime to New York. And I, I wager a Godey print to a box of "Old Judge" cigarettes that "The New Bully" was the first ragtime piece ever written.

We doubt whether it was. Probably May Irwin's own "Mamie, Come Kiss Your Honey Boy" antedated "The New Bully." And George Evans' "Standin' on the Corner, Didn't Mean No Harm" may have come before either. . . . Our first consciousness of ragtime came when we heard Ned Wayburn play the accompaniment for Miss Irwin's "The New Bully," in—though here our memory shifts into first speed—"The Widow Jones."

From the Colossus Himself

Sir: For the benefit of the readers of your Eitid of Eritidion, the Harris Corner-White Plains road, known officially as "C. H. 1370," was in the letting of April 30, 1919, and I am today approving the contract, and as soon as the L. of N. is working smoothly we may be in a position to take up the Neuhaefen-St. Blin Highway and put it in the perfect condition your exacting contris demand.

Hosiery and the Drama

Sir: Rabbi Wise seems rather hard on the hosiery buyers—no doubtless do write plays, since everybody else does. But perhaps he reads The New York Times, and these his opinion of the h. b. s. after reading these lines in your esteemed contemporary:

The only time that a woman will really endure a mouse is when the nice little gray fellow is embroidered, as a joke, on a pair of stockings. There are any number of these joke stockings, and the joke comes high, for the stockings range in price from \$5 to \$25. There are turkeys for Thanksgiving, leopards, curds, a clock face with the hands at one and the words beneath: "Stand off." There is the clock face with no words and bags from which salt is spilling, one with no sentiment, and another with the words: "You're fresh." There is one man who has all his socks embroidered with gay little sentences, proverbs, or happy thoughts around the top at \$6 per pair.

But then, of course, you don't have to buy these stockings, or see these plays, or listen to a sermon by Rabbi Wise, or even read The Tribune—a retort that Touchstone might have called the Countercheck Amiable—if you know what I mean.

The influence of "H. M. S. Pinafore" is felt in the A. E. F. A sign on the French movie house at Chaumont recently announced: "Official Pictures of the United States Navy as Authorized by Sir Daniels, Secretary of United States Navy."

The Governor has signed the bill exempting newspapers from the provisions of the law regulating the hours of employment of women in factories. Women contris, bless their typewriters and stub pens, may then work twenty-four hours a day if they like.

Young Mr. Boris Sidis probably will be repudiated by the real vermillion element. He said he believed in the American form of government to the extent of the Declaration of Independence.

"In this country," writes Rita Wellman in the Smart Set, "stories are supposed to have endings." But that isn't the worst of it.

So are coliums.

In Red Germany

By Wm. C. Dreher
Berlin Correspondent of The Tribune.

BERLIN, April 29.—In the process of readjusting wages and salaries to the changed conditions of life and the depreciation of German currency some remarkable inequalities occur. It frequently happens that the brainworker is left far behind in the struggle for increased earnings. The reason is that the man who works with his hands belongs to an organization in which often many thousands of workmen act with united will in enforcing higher wages, whereas the brainworker has to lift himself, economically speaking, by his own bootstraps. Besides, the revolution, which gave occasion for the readjustment of wages, came from below; it was socialistic. Hence, the interests of the workmen were first looked after, not only by the workmen themselves, but also by the newly created political authorities. Hence, again, more remarkable variations in pay for work done.

A great medical professor informed me of this case: A scientist here in Berlin, of no mean ability and considerable reputation, is in charge of a bacteriological laboratory. His salary is 5,000 marks. But the servant who looks after the cleaning of the room, taking care of the instruments and such other humble tasks gets 6,000 marks.

I told this to my friend, a banker, who added this contribution: "There is a servant in one of the ministries here, who, before the war, had a salary of 1,400 marks, along with rent allowance and other minor payments, making a total of about 2,100 marks a year. To-day he is getting 9,000 marks—partly for length of service, partly for his six children. But the unmarried privy councillors—men who have spent years at the university and in other preparatory training for their official positions—have a salary of 6,000 marks."

These inequalities often appear inside the same factory, and then they seem all the more intolerable. Not long ago the office employees of several big manufacturing concerns at Luebeck were striking for higher salaries, on the ground that they were receiving less than the shop force. Recently there was a big strike of office and technical staffs of the great metal-working companies of Berlin and vicinity. The cause was the same as at Luebeck; men of high technical education were actually getting lower pay than the workmen. Similar conditions have been reported from other places and industries.

Discharging the Managers

The German workmen are not only taking the bit between their teeth in the matter of carrying through big increases of wages, but also as to the management of the companies for which they work. Recently in Upper Silesia they declared certain managers "discharged" in several of the great coal and steel companies, while one other was ordered to resign. As the managers had been long in their positions and their technical qualifications had been thoroughly tested, the companies refused to acquiesce in the action of the "labor Soviets," and it is not yet apparent what shall be the result of the controversy. The demands of the workmen there go much further, too. They want to have the right to inspect the companies' books at will. They next demand "a cooperative right" in running the companies—which looks like an anti-climax, after having dismissed their managers.

"The Donkey!"

Great are the demands of the workmen in socialistic Germany, and strong the tone in which they are put forth! The other day the Prussian railway workmen held a big meeting here to demand higher wages. They are already getting—these above twenty-seven years old—about 20 marks a day, or three or four times what they received before the war, but now they demand a raise of 1 mark an hour, or 8 marks a day. This would involve a total increase of at least 2,000,000,000 marks a year in the railway budget, although the roads are already struggling with a deficit of 2,200,000,000 marks for the current year.

How can the increase be provided for? The Minister of Railways does not know, nor does any man; and yet we are probably upon the eve of a general strike of railway employees. At the meeting in question the chief speaker assured the min-

Insolence May Be Propaganda

Sir: In reference to the German delegates having received our peace conditions in a sitting and insolent posture, there is a point of view which seems to have been overlooked. I refer to the effect of this attitude caused on countries such as Mexico, who apparently still believe that the war ended in a "tie." Can there be here some subtle propaganda?

I do not doubt but what this disrespectful attitude will be given the fullest publicity in Mexico and other German-loving countries, while the edge of the humiliating terms will, in course of translation, be blunted, if not altogether suppressed.

New York, May 11, 1919.

German "Honor"

(From The Arkansas Gazette)
During the past four and one-half years we have heard much from Germans of "German honor." Even since the armistice we have heard it and now we are seeing some of it.

Germany, under pressure of the victorious Allies, has made lists of property stolen by Germany and by Germans in Belgium and France. The thefts were committed by the nation and by the individuals. The nation stole, among other things, pictures, machinery, books and statues, and the individuals stole, among other things, furniture, jewelry and clothing.

German honor! Heaven protect us from it!

Mr. Wilson's Europe

(From The London Morning Post)

The President has come to Europe, as Signor Orlando says, with certain American principles which he proposes to make Europe adopt. If we might use a homely simile, he is like a man who brings rolls of new linoleum to cover the floors of a very old and many-cornered house. The linoleum is all in right lines, and it seems a very easy business before the rooms have been examined. But in the end the rash experimenter finds that it is either a case of cutting the linoleum or pulling down the house. And so it is with Europe and President Wilson's principles.

The President will either have to cut his new principles or pull down the whole European fabric. Self-determination is a very pretty piece of linoleum in the roll, but there are many corners of Europe which it will not fit. Danzig is one of them. Alsace-Lorraine is another; Dalmatia is a third. The self-determination of such places is governed by older and—when all is said—far more important considerations; the security of a great nation is, for example, more important than the sentiments of a small portion of its inhabitants. Europe is an old country; the Croats and Italians have been deadly enemies for eight hundred years. Dalma was an Italian problem in the time of the Caesars, and before. And, after all, even America is perhaps not so young that she would care to apply this principle of self-determination to, say, the Southern States—if they were to desire independence again—or to California, if that state were to want to cut the painter. And now a word as to public covenants. "The Daily News" has become such an enthusiast for this doctrine—which was invented by the Union of Democratic Control—that it holds no treaty valid which has not been published. We doubt if "The Daily News" would care to buy its paper on these principles. Let us, even in the new order, retain some respect for common sense. And in the same way, if President Wilson were to search his portfolio he might find the notes of certain commercial treaties which rumor says have already been negotiated between America and certain countries—which shall be nameless—but of which the world as yet knows nothing. Why, then, deprecate the "Private" Treaty of London? How could it have been published when it contained not only an international agreement, but military engagements? No man would care in his business to lay bare all his engagements, not because they are dishonorable, but because they are delicate. Why, then, should we expect other countries to conduct their business upon lines which we would never think of adopting ourselves?

Just now the newspapers are widely reprinting the results of an investigation made by Director Deutsch, of the Allgemeine Electrical Company of Berlin, and published by the Berlin Chamber of Commerce. He analyzed the returns of 66 of the best financed companies of Germany for a period of ten years, ending about a year ago, to show how their profits were distributed. He found that these companies paid during that time 1,424,800,000 marks in wages and salaries, 217,160,000 marks in taxes and 215,220,000 marks, or 13 per cent, of those two sums in dividends. The average dividend on capital was 10 per cent.

Out of every 1,000 marks earned he found that the distribution was as follows: 767 marks went to labor, 117 marks in taxes to nation, state and town, and 116 marks to the shareholders. In these companies the total number of employees was 783,781, and if the dividends had been entirely turned over to them there would have been a gain of only 11 pfennigs per hour in the wage rate, and a total gain of only 270 marks a year.

Such is the result with a selected list of strong companies of high earning power. But all companies do not fall into that class. Deutsch says that the average earnings of all companies listed at Berlin do not exceed 6 per cent.

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227 "Bloodhounds"

And all this agitation of the extreme Socialists, Spartacists and communists is carried on with an expenditure of violent epithets that passes belief. Some time ago a writer for the "Vorwaerts," the leading Majority Socialist paper, took the trouble to go through 42 numbers of "Die Rote Fahne," the Spartacus organ which was suppressed here during the March uprising, and tabulate its vocabulary of abuse. He found that the word "murderer" was used 318 times, "bloodhound" 227, "traitor" 461, "capitalistic hireling" 303, "Bunkies of big capital" 259 times. This paper, which is now waving red in Leipzig, was so addicted to the habit and the language of abuse that it once referred to Mark Twain as "a crazy propaganda sheet in America"—thinking him a newspaper!

Are New Yorkers Crazy?

Sir: Are not New Yorkers crazy? While this question has been asked many times and promptly denied by some of our "head-in-the-sand citizens," at the same time on every hand we see new evidence to sustain the affirmation.

In Madison Square the house wreckers are busy carrying a Presbyterian church, a gem of architecture designed by the late Stanford White, off to the dust heap. A few months back those who had a bit of civic spirit left were horrified to see St. John's, Varick Street, disposed of in the same commercial way. Now and again it is rumored that the Brick Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, will give place to another hideous skyscraper.

We decry the ruin of French churches and noble buildings, even collect money to restore them, and then sit idly by and allow our own architectural masterpieces to be razed to the ground. The realization that most of the church edifices in New York are not worth much architecturally makes it all the more urgent that something should be done to preserve the really fine buildings.

Surely, New Yorkers know the cost of everything and the value of nothing.

REXFORD MERRILL.
New York, May 10, 1919.

Ole Hanson

(From The Daily Oklahoman)

Mayor Ole Hanson believes in jailing the native Bolsheviks and deporting the imported variety. Not only that, but Ole has demonstrated that he has the courage of his convictions. This country needs more officials with the same brand of nerve and common sense.